

# **i don't mind you hanging out, and talking in your sleep** **by los laureles tan verdes**

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**Summary:** Jonathan and Nancy can't sleep alone most nights. Post S2 Drabble, Jancy fluff :) (title based off of the song Just What I Needed by The Cars - not related to the story but I felt it kinda fit and its from that general time period)

## **i don't mind you hanging out, and talking in your sleep**

**Jonathan and Nancy can't sleep most nights. Post S2 Drabble. Lotsa fluff.**

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Three careful, light taps on his bedroom window, and Jonathan is pulled from his half-conscious state. Sleeping this past year, much less the week following Will's exorcism, was almost completely out of the question. He'd watch through the open window screen, warm summer air pulling him back to Earth after a nightmare or flashback, as the occasional car rolled past on an otherwise deserted Indiana road. If he did sleep, it was because his body completely shut off due to exhaustion, and he had no other option than to allow his lead eyelids to remain closed for an hour or two.

Sleeping wasn't easy in the first place, but doing it alone made for harsh battles with his internal monologue, his memory, and his racing mind each night.

Jonathan sighed, stepping from the edge of his bed to the window, pulled up the blinds.

"Hi," She whispered behind the screen, a tired smile gracing her cheeks. The darkness beneath her eyes told the same wordless story his did, and a brief wave of happiness passed through them both at their reunion.

"Hi." Jonathan mirrored, a crooked grin tugging at the ends of his mouth. He silently popped the screen out, and looked back up to meet her eyes as he set it down on his desk.

*God*, he wished he had the sensibility to reach for his camera. The hazy streetlights complimented her messy curls, frizzy from quite literally running through the forest to reach his home - and the glow illuminated her cheekbones, her shy smile in the most impossibly right way. In the few moments of comfortable silence hanging between them, he captured her rare relaxed expression, and committed it to memory, one of the few times the past year Nancy Wheeler felt safe enough to let her guard down.

Then again, he found her strong, fascinating, witty - stunning - regardless of lighting, or circumstance - have it be 3:27am outside his window on a Tuesday night in June, or 7:30am under the fluorescent light of Hawkins High School's AP United States History class.

Offering her a hand, Nancy placed her scarred palm in Jonathan's own as he helped her into the room as quietly as humanly possible, having done this plenty of times before. Being himself, however, he often found himself flustered - especially in Nancy Wheeler's presence, despite its normalcy in his life - and accidentally tripped on his own feet and fell backwards onto the floor, bringing her down with him, a loud crash welcoming them to his hardwood floor.

She was the first to cave, still clutching his t-shirt in fistfuls to break her fall, giggling into his shoulder and he soon followed, their laughter carrying through the dark. A few minutes passed before either attempted to catch their breath. For a moment, they felt like two regular teenagers in love, sneaking the other into their bedroom in the middle of the night - but their reasons for every part of that equation were so entirely abnormal that it almost felt wrong to have that thought.

"That...that was smooth, Byers," Nancy whispered, pulling away from his shoulder to mess up his hair as she grinned, her eyes lighting up at his wide smile that appeared so scarcely, and she drank in the moment.

*Self control, Wheeler.* She reminded herself, biting her lip as she smoothed out her - well, technically, his - old t-shirt. Long story. Or rather, one involving a similar night in the past - self explanatory, at that. Jonathan's mother and younger brother were also home, and she didn't want to be found in any situation more incriminating than merely existing in his bedroom at 3:30 in the morning.

"Didn't think you came for me to woo you tonight, or I would've taken a different approach..." He deadpanned, an eyebrow raised.

"Good," she chuckled softly, "...good thing you already have..." she whispered, and he stilled for a brief moment, a trademark smirk tugging at his mouth and he parted his lips as if to speak, but thought better of it and instead extended an arm to help her to her feet.

Nancy slipped off her Chucks, climbing under his quilt and resting her head in the dip between Jonathan's neck and shoulder, one arm under a pillow and the other resting on his chest. He leaned over to look at her.

"Are you okay?" it was a stupid question, one they both knew the answer to, and he chastised himself internally for being so thoughtless, so hasty. But, she understood, nodded as if to say *I am now*, but opted out of the cheesy one-liner.

"I just really needed to see you. It was...bad tonight, and I wanted to make sure you were okay because it really just...I'm sorry for barging in so late-" Images of Jonathan on the forest floor of the Upside Down resurfaced behind her eyelids- cold, pale, tethered to the grass in vines - and she squeezed her eyes shut, then back open. *He's here, he's right here. He's alive. He's safe, you're safe.*

He shook his head, pulling her closer, "Don't ever apologize, okay Nance? I'll always be here." His breath tickled her ear as he whispered, his fingers tangled in her curls as he played with her hair, and she looked up at him, and those *stupidly deep, brown eyes* and kissed him softly, their eyelashes tangling for a fraction of a second in the embrace. When he pulls away for air, he gives her that happy, boyish look that she adores and she runs her thumb across the matching scar on the palm of his hand.

It was out of the blue, but then it wasn't, because the thoughts her subconscious conceived of losing him earlier that night terrified her, and in that moment she was overwhelmed with gratitude that the universe had brought them together, spared them both another night, another chance.

"I am so in love with you, Jonathan Byers." She said, her voice just below a whisper, trying her best to keep it steady. He searched her eyes as if she hadn't told him that she loved him so, so many times before, and she thought back to Murray's and their time in the bunker, hoping someday he could overcome his issues with trust and truly, completely believe her.

"Nancy..." He whispered before briefly pressing his lips to her forehead, her nose, her cheeks, "I love you too, so much," he kissed

her again, slowly, tracing circles unto her neck with his fingertips, "you need to get some rest, mmkay?"

"G'night Byers."

"Night, Wheeler." He murmured, hugging her close.

Sleep came easily after that.